

*The Chilswell Book of
English Poetry*

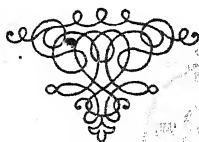


The
Chilswell Book
of
English Poetry
compiled

annotated for the use of schools
by

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Poet Laureate



Part II

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DEDICATED

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to

H. R. H.

The PRINCE of WALES

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PREFACE

I

POETRY being the most intimate expression of Man's Spirit, it is necessary to education ; since no man can be a worthy citizen of any earthly state unless he be first a citizen of the heavenly.

The other fine arts aim also at spiritual expression, but their material forms are more remote from ideas, and their interpretation often requires some special disposition of mind—as in Music, wherein also the appeal, being to moods and untranslatable emotions, is uncertain of its moral effects. But in poetry the material is language, and words are not only familiar to all of us, but are of all forms the most significant that we have.

Prose, while using the same material, is no rival to poetry in this part of education ; for though it be the logical guardian of Truth, and may rise to the highest pitch of expression, and—as we see in Plato, himself a poet—may duly claim the rank and name of Poetry, yet it is the common drudge of the Understanding for all work, and consequently inseparable from the usual routine of life, which is the chiefest enemy to spiritual abstraction. Poetry, on the other hand, with a more memorable form and a diction more musical, is of set purpose devoted to the high imaginative task of displaying the beauty, solemnity, and mystery of man's life on earth.

Language has a hidden but commanding influence in directing spiritual life. In whatever country we may be born, we imbibe the ideas inherent to its speech ; nor can we escape from the bias which that accident must give to our minds, unless we learn other languages and study

their literatures. In the physical and mathematical sciences, which can either employ precise definitions or fix the reference of their terms by sensible instances, this is not true : the signification of their corresponding terms in different languages is determinate and constant for all peoples ; but our higher aspirations and imaginative faculties, having no measure nor any objects for the senses to grasp, cannot have their expression thus standardised : the commonest names in this field of thought (such words as spirit, soul, life, reason, and mind) do not mean to us precisely what their equivalents mean in other tongues, and the inter-relations of those other meanings are consequently alien to our thoughts.

And in these higher faculties themselves there are actual differences distinguishing the different races of mankind—differences that may be ascribed to radical peculiarities of mind ; and the words which came to be coined to express them must in their currencies have reacted powerfully to strengthen those peculiar ways of thought and feeling, and to control the character of the men who used them, because our Ideals, which are formed upon habits of thought and feeling, influence and wholly prescribe our moral conduct and spiritual life.

Whence it follows that Poetry, which is made of this material, must be the expression of a nation's spirit : and English Poetry is the expression of the English Spirit in its most definite form.

Now, to speak of the English Spirit, what it is which is thus set before us, we shall not lightly underrate the heritage which has given us our high place among the nations ; but our part is to preserve it rather than to proclaim it, and to perfect it rather than to preserve it. The better our possession, the more capable is it of improvement ; and the higher we stand, the baser our defection, if we seize not the yet higher good that we stand within reach of, nor take due occasion

- of our position to be an example to others; that being the only true national pride, since by example only will mankind be led onward to well-being: which example is to be manifested in the improvement of the best, not in any extirpation or upraising of the worst, these being the proper effects, not the causes or means, of amelioration.

II

This book is a Primer of English Poetry, and if it differ from others of its kind, that will be because it is unfalteringly faithful to a sound principle hitherto insufficiently observed. While in all other Arts it is agreed that a student should be trained only on the best models, wherein technique and aesthetic are both exemplary, there has been with respect to Poetry a pestilent notion that the young should be gradually led up to excellence through lower degrees of it; so that teachers have invited their pupils to learn and admire what they expected them to outgrow: and this was carried so far that writers, who else made no poetic pretence, have good-naturedly composed poems for the young, and in a technique often as inept as their sentiment.

This mistake rested on two shallow delusions; first, that beauty must needs be fully apprehended before it can be felt or admired: secondly, that the young are unimaginative. A French writer has brushed all this fallacy aside in a few sentences in which he tells his own early experience.¹

'In this little poem (he writes) there were many words and phrases that were new to me, and which I could not understand; but the general effect of them seemed to me so sad and so beautiful that I was thrilled

¹ Anatole France in *Livre de mon ami*, p. 118.

by a feeling that I had never known before—the charm of melancholy was revealed to me by a score of verses the literal meaning of which I could not have explained. The fact is that unless one has grown old, one does not need to understand deeply in order to feel deeply: things dimly comprehended can be quite touching, and it is very true that what is vague and indefinite has a charm for youth.'

There should be nothing, then, in this book which a lover of poetry will ever cast aside, and within its proper limitations the collection should be as gratifying to the old as to the young.

The motives of selection can be thus sufficiently stated, but the principles guiding exclusion are not so readily described. The conspicuous absence of several famous poets will be easily understood, although their disqualifications are very unlike in kind; but the peculiar limitations of a book to be used in class may not be so well recognised, and they must be allowed for. On the other hand, it will be evident that some of the poems are too advanced for general use; but here it has to be considered that in all schools there are exceptionally poetic pupils, and this book would fail in its aim if it neglected them. Nor is it improbable that these very poems will make the first appeal to minds that seem least impressionable.

One of the advantages for us of our classical education has been that the boys who learned Greek and Latin had only masterpieces to study: and if our cultured class have generally a surer and better taste in Greek or Latin poetry than they have in English, this may be attributed to the advantage they have had in the one and not in the other. The most of them, if asked their opinion on the merits of some favourite English poem, will tell you that on account of early association they are incapable of judging it, and in this predicament

- even high intellect is found helpless ; the childish sentiment has become part of themselves, and with great detriment to themselves, because reverence for a bad model induces a liking for things of the same sort. Now this association, which is so strong for inferior things, is equally strong for the best ; and though an early attachment may but seldom develop into adult judgment, yet in the absence of that rare mature aesthetic appreciation it is the best substitute for it.

And no one surely would deem it an accident that the nation whose language was the most prevalent throughout the world should be the nation which had the best living poetry : an honour which we can assume without prejudice, and value it not more as a badge of youthful prowess than a lively means of continuous health and advancement. And only by loving familiarity with it can we securely guard our expanding and wandering speech from all that sort of outward contamination and indiscriminate mutation whereby its old nobility might easily become estranged from the understanding of our descendants—lest Shakespeare should ever be to them as Homer is to the modern Greeks, more of a pitiful boast than a living glory : and it has been both a credit and profit to us that our nineteenth-century poets stood so high in the scale of excellence, and preserved so well the accent of our older poetry, that there is no gap in the train of song, and to-day (except where our gentler manners are offended) no word of Shakespeare need be changed when his plays are acted to a London audience.

In this guardianship of our speech we shall find our best security by enforcing and maintaining a high standard of English in our school-books, which should be the same for all classes : since the changes that must come in our language will be made by the common practice of the folk, who, if they are unfamiliar with sound tradition, will develop usages out of all relation to

it and, indulging in the spontaneous accidental fashions of their unrelated environments, must break up into a hundred divergent dialects mutually unintelligible.

Dialects have always existed, and always will exist, and they should be fostered in their several habitats—their separate existence as living forces of original character is not incompatible with the preservation of the purity of the main stock, nor with that sense of touch with it which would keep them from eccentricities and distortion. Now if these two desirable things are to be assured, a schooling for all in the main or mother dialect is imperative.

And yet it has seemed to me that a lamentable disruption of our speech, which would eventually rob the British race of their noblest inheritance, might reasonably be predicted as its natural catastrophe beyond the scope of any prevision to remedy or avert, were it not for the recent astonishing inventions of Science, whereby the spoken word can be transmitted all over the world. Every man will wish to hear and understand the best speakers; and all that we most needed and desired seems promised to us in the simplest solution of that problem, namely, that all, whatever dialect they speak at home, should hear the language of our great literature in wireless broadcasting, and through their normal schooling be familiar with it.

May our democracies have intelligence to make a right use of God's good gifts, and not leave this paramount and imperial means of national culture to be squandered in the selfish interests of commercialism!

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	iii
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	ix
TABLE OF CONTENTS	x
TEXT	127
NOTES	255
INDEX OF AUTHORS	258
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	259

An asterisk [*] occurring in the text of a poem refers to the
Notes on pp. 255-257.

THE CHILSWELL BOOK
OF ENGLISH POETRY

112

To Helen

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,—
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Poe.

113

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep :
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee ;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Byron.

114 *The Solitary Reaper*

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :

Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ? . . .

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;
 I listen'd, motionless and still ;
 And, when I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

Wordsworth, 1804.

115

Ferry Hinksey

BEYOND the ferry water
 That fast and silent flow'd,
 She turn'd, she gazed a moment,
 Then took her onward road

Between the winding willows
 To a city white with spires :
 It seem'd a path of pilgrims
 To the home of earth's desires.

Blue shade of golden branches
 Spread for her journeying,
 Till he that linger'd lost her
 Among the leaves of Spring.

Laurence Binyon.

116

The Wayfarer

KEEN, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there
 Among the bushes, half leafless and dry ;
 The stars look very cold about the sky,
 And I have many miles on foot to fare.
 Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
 Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
 Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair :
 For I am brimfull of the friendliness
 That in a little cottage I have found ;
 Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
 And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd ;
 Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
 And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

Keats.

117

On the Sea-Shore

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

Wordsworth, 1802.

118

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino !
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the Spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino !
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In Spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino !
 How that life was but a flower
 In Spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino !
 For love is crownèd with the prime
 In Spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Shakespeare.

119

Madrigal

FAIN would I change that note
 To which fond Love hath charm'd me
 Long, long to sing by rote,
 Fancying that that harm'd me :

that that] accent on the first *that*, viz. : liking (all the while) that
 which harmed me.

Yet when this thought doth come,
 'Love is the perfect sum
 Of all delight,'

I have no other choice
 Either for pen or voice
 To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such
 As nothing can be sweeter.
 Fair house of joy and bliss,
 Where truest pleasure is,

I do adore thee :
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

1605.

120

I know not what my secret is,
 I know but it is mine,
 I know to dwell with it were bliss,
 To die for it divine.

I cannot yield it in a kiss,
 Nor breathe it in a sigh ;
 Enough that I have lived for this,
 For this, my love, I die.

Lang.

121*

The Bargain

My true Love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for the other given :
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
 There never was a better bargain driven.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;
 I cherish his, because in me it bides . . .
 My true Love hath my heart, and I have his.
Sidney.

122* *To Althea from Prison*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.
Lovelace.

123

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story ,
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, tho' ever so plenty.
 What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
 wrinkled ?
 'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled—
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary ?
 What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?
 O FAME !—If I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding phrases,
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

high sounding] high-sounding is probably intended.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee ;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Byron, 1821.

124

Lucy

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me !

Wordsworth, 1799.

125

O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her steps disturb'd the dead !

Away ! We know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain,
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.
Byron, 1815.

I

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scatter'd
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remember'd not ;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

II

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute :—
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III

When hearts have once mingled
 Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possess'd.

O Love ! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

IV

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

Shelley.

127

My silks and fine array,
 My smiles and languish'd air,
 By love are driven away :
 And mournful lean Despair
 Brings me yew to deck my grave :
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
 When springing buds unfold ;
 O why to him was 't given
 Whose heart is wintry cold ?
 His breast is love's all-worship'd tomb,
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
 Bring me a winding sheet ;
 When I my grave have made,
 Let winds and tempests beat :
 Then down I 'll lie, as cold as clay.
 True love doth pass away !

Blake.

128

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one ;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one ;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies,
 When love is done.

Bourdillon.

129

AWAY ! The moor is dark beneath the moon,
 Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even :
 Away ! the gathering winds will call the darkness
 soon,
 And profoundest midnight shroud the sérene lights
 of heaven.

Pause not ! The time is past ! Every voice cries, Away !
 Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle
 mood :
 Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat
 thy stay,
 Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away ! to thy sad and silent home ;
 Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth ;
 Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
 And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

sérene]*.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around
thine head :

The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy
feet :

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that
binds the dead,

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou
and peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the
deep :

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows ;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its ap-
pointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden made dear
to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings
are not free

From the music of two voices and the light of one
sweet smile.

Shelley.

130*

Lycidas

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend,
unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from *Chester* on the
Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of
our corrupted clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for *Lycidas* ? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string :
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined Urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night ;
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Evening, bright 30
 Toward Heav'n's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' oaten Flute ;
 Rough *Satyrs* danced, and *Fauns* with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Damætas* loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves

rhyme] verse.
 hill] *.

sacred well] Helicon.
 oaten] shepherd's pipe.

With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows and the Hazle-Copses green
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the Canker to the Rose,

Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,

Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the White-thorn blows ;

Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds' ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved *Lycidas* ? 51

For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,

Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wizard stream :

Ay me, I fondly dream!†

Had ye bin there—for what could that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that *Orpheus* bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son

Whom universal nature did lament, 60

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore ?

Alas ! What boots it with incessant care

To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?

Were it not better done as others use,

To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,

Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair ?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;

But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

boots] avails.

Comes the blind *Fury* with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phæbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ;
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.'

85

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :

But now my Oat proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea

That came in *Neptune's* plea ;

90

He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the felon winds,

What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked Promontory :

They knew not of his story ;

And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;

The Air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek *Panopæ* with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious Bark

100

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,

His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe :

Ah ! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?

Last came, and last did go

The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake ;

sanguine flower] Hyacinth*.

pledge]=child.

Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain) ;
 He shook his Mitred locks, and stern bespake :
 How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
 That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are
 sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams ; Return, *Sicilian* Muse,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bells and Flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,

sped] provided for.
 Wolf] Roman church.

scrannel] meagre and shrill.
 use] dwell. rathe] early.

The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing Violet,
 The Musk-rose, and the well-attired Woodbine,
 With Cowslips yan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears 150
 To strew the Laureat Hearse where *Lycid* lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old, 160
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold ;—
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For *Lycidas*, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves ;
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,

moist vows] tearful prayers.
 tricks] bedecks.

vision] St. Michael*.
 unexpressive] inexpressible.

In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray ;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay :
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the Western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

Milton.

131

WHEN I would muse, in boyhood
 The wild green woods among,
 And nurse resolves and fancies
 Because the world was young,
 It was not foes to conquer,
 Nor sweethearts to be kind,
 But it was friends to die for
 That I would seek and find.

I sought them far and found them,
 The sure, the straight, the brave,
 The hearts I lost my own to,
 The souls I could not save.

quills] reeds.

doric] pastoral.

They braced their belts about them,
 They cross'd in ships the sea,
 They sought and found six feet of ground,
 And there they died for me.

A. E. Housman.

132

Eve to Adam

. . . With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest Birds ; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry train.
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
 Or glittering Star-light without thee is sweet. . . .

Milton.

133

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :

sessions] judicial sittings, holding a privy session with myself.

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Shakespeare.

134

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Shakespeare.

135

*From 'Christabel' **

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;

foregone] that have gone by.

bootless] profitless.

And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother :
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs that had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between ;—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been. . . .

Coleridge.

136

Brutus and Cassius

From *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV.

SCENE III. BRUTUS' TENT

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

mart] market, make merchandise of.

CAS. I an itching palm !
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS. Chastisement !

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasp'd thus ?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me ;
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

BRU. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRU. Away, slight man !

CAS. Is 't possible ?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

CAS. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

BRU. All this ? ay, more : fret till your proud heart
 break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this ?

BRU. You say you are a better soldier :
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,
 Brutus ;
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
 Did I say, better ?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
 me.

BRU. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted
 him.

CAS. I durst not !

BRU. No.

CAS. What ! durst not tempt him !

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :

For I can raise no money by vile means :

respect not] regard not.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection : I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

CAS. I denied you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not : he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
 heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

indirection] crooked courses.

to lock] as to lock.

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
 better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRU.

Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.

CAS.

Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS.

O Brutus !

BRU.

What 's the matter ?

CAS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

BRU.

Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

I see before me the Gladiator lie ;
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—

humour] the natural temper that a man is born with.

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday !—
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
 And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your
 ire ! . . .

*Byron.**

138

ON Wenlock Edge the wood 's in trouble ;
 His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves ;
 The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger
 When Uricon the city stood :
 'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
 But then it thresh'd another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
 At yonder heaving hill would stare :
 The blood that warms an English yeoman,
 The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
 Through him the gale of life blew high ;
 The tree of man was never quiet :
 Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone :
 To-day the Roman and his trouble
 Are ashes under Uricon.

A. E. Housman.

A Prophecy

From Locksley Hall

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
 would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
 sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
 bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
 a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
 blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
 rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
 thunderstorm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
 flags were furl'd
 In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
 world. . . .

Tennyson, 1842.

140* *On first looking into Chapman's
Homer*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Keats.

141

Cargoes

QUINQUEREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir
 Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
 With a cargo of ivory
 And apes and peacocks,
 Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
 Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
 With a cargo of diamonds,
 Emeralds, amethysts,
 Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Quinquereme] a ship with five banks of oars.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack
 Butting through the Channel in the mad March days
 With a cargo of Tyne coal,
 Road rails, pig-lead,
 Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield.

The Old Ships

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
 Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
 With leaden age o'ercargo'd, dipping deep
 For Famagusta and the hidden sun
 That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;
 And all those ships were certainly so old
 Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
 Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
 The pirate Genoese
 Hell-raked them till they roll'd
 Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
 Still pattern'd with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen
 Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
 And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
 A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;
 And, wonder's breath indrawn,
 Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
 (Fish'd up beyond Ææa, patch'd up new
 —Stern painted brighter blue—)
 That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
 (Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
 From Troy's doom-crimson shore,

that talkative seaman] Ulysses.

And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?
—And yet so beautiful, I watch'd in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

Flecker.

143*

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I 'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Wordsworth.

144

Song

I

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again ?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

III

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd ;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure ;
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight !
 The fresh Earth in new leaves dress'd,
 And the starry night ;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

VI

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost ;

I love waves, and winds, and storme,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.

VII

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good ;
 Between thee and me
 What difference ? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
 Thou art love and life ! Oh, come,
 Make once more my heart thy home.

Shelley.

145*

Music

I

I PANT for the music which is divine,
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;
 Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
 More, oh more,—I am thirsting yet ;
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound
 Upon my heart to stifle it ;

The dissolving strain, through every vein,
 Passes into my heart and brain. . . .
Shelley.

146 *Ode to the West Wind*

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O hear !

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

shook] shaken.

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O hear !

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O hear !

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

Mænad] mad priestess of Bacchus.

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
 One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

v

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth !
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

Shelley.

147 *Ode on a Grecian Urn*

I

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

II

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

III

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

Tempe]*.

For ever panting, and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue,

IV

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 ' Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Keats.

148

*Farewell**

Look thy last on all things lovely,
 Every hour. Let no night
 Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
 Till to delight
 Thou have paid thy utmost blessing ;
 Since that all things thou would'st praise
 Beauty took from those who loved them
 In other days.

Walter de la Mare.

149

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

150 *The Light of Other Days*

Off in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

Moore.

151* *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as wand'ring near her secret bower
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

fretted] carven.

storied urn] sepulchral urn inscribed with epitaph.

animated] life-like.

provoke] recall to life.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

[The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

[Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.]

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

[For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.]

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping; woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

For thee, who] the poet addresses himself. in these lines] the Elegy.

'The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne :—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray, 1750.

152 *Written in Northampton County
 Asylum*

I AM ! yet what I am who cares, or knows ?
 My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
 I am the self-consumer of my woes ;
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
 And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
 And all that 's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod—
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,—
 The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky.

Clare.

153

Why fadest thou in death,
 Oh yellow waning tree ?
 Gentle is autumn's breath,
 And green the oak by thee.

But with each wind that sighs
 The leaves from thee take wing ;
 And bare thy branches rise
 Above their drifted ring.

Dixon.

154 *Stanzas written in dejection near
 Naples**

I

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might,

The breath of the moist earth is light
 Around its unexpanded buds ;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

II

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
 I sit upon the sands alone ;—
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that Content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,

Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony. . . .
Shelley.

155*

To Night

I

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight !

II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought !
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought !

III

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?
 Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
 No, not thee !

V

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

Shelley.

E

156 *Ode to a Nightingale*

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Pròvençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

Hippocrene] *.

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath :
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad .
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?
Keats.

157

INTO my heart an air that kills
 From yon far country blows :
 What are those blue remember'd hills,
 What spires, what farms are those ?

 That is the land of lost content,
 I see it shining plain,
 The happy highways where I went
 And cannot come again.
A. E. Housman.

158

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

 Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.
Shelley.

159* *Song of the Lotos-Eaters*

1

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
 skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

2

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : why should we toil alone,
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 ' There is no joy but calm ! '
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

3

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud

With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

4

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life ; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ; ripen, fall, and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

5

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !

To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.

6

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change ;
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

Lotos] a plant in Homer's legend whose fruit produced dreaminess
 and killed desire of home.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twinèd vine—
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
 is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
 fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world :

amaranth] a fabulous unfading flower.
 moly] the herb given to Ulysses as a charm against Circe's witchcraft.

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
 deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
 song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
 wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil ;
 Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
 down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
 and oar ;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

Tennyson, 1832.

160

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,

Thy tribute wave deliver :

No more by thee my steps shall be,

For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,

A rivulet then a river :

Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,

For ever and for ever.

asphodel] the flower of the Elysian fields.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver ;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver ;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Tennyson.

161 *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-
 bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
 dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
 cricket sings ;

There midnight 's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats.

162 *To the Rev. F. D. Maurice*

COME, when no graver cares employ,
 Godfather, come and see your boy :
 Your presence will be sun in winter,
 Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
 Who give the Fiend himself his due,
 Should eighty-thousand college-councils
 Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you ;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
 At you, so careful of the right,
 Yet one lay-heart would give you welcome
 (Take it and come) to the Islè of Wight ;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
 I watch the twilight falling brown
 All round a careless-order'd garden
 Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You 'll have no scandal while you dine,
 But honest talk and wholesome wine,
 And only hear the magpie gossip
 Garrulous under a roof of pine :

For groves of pine on either hand,
 To break the blast of winter, stand ;
 And further on, the hoary Channel
 Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand ;

Where, if below the milky steep
 Some ship of battle slowly creep,
 And on thro' zones of light and shadow
 Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
 Which made a selfish war begin ;
 Dispute the claims, arrange the chances ;
 Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win :

Or whether war's avenging rod
 Shall lash all Europe into blood ;
 Till you should turn to dearer matters,
 Dear to the man that is dear to God ;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor ;

How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come : the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet ;

But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear ;

Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

Tennyson, 1854.

163

The Kingfisher

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues ;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
Let every feather show its marks ;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely bird, thou art not vain ;
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind :
I also love a quiet place
That 's green, away from all mankind ;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

W. H. Davies.

164 *To Lucasta, on Going to the
Wars*

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Lovelace.

165 *The Volunteer*

' HE leapt to arms unbidden,
Unneeded, over-bold :
His face by earth is hidden,
His heart in earth is cold.

' Curse on the reckless daring
That could not wait the call,
The proud fantastic bearing
That would be first to fall ! '

O tears of human passion,
Blur not the image true !
This was not folly's fashion,
This was the man we knew.

Henry Newbolt.

166

Her strong enchantments failing,
 Her towers of fear in wreck,
 Her limbecks dried of poisons
 And the knife at her neck,

The Queen of air and darkness
 Begins to shrill and cry,
 'O young man, O my slayer,
 To-morrow you shall die.'

O Queen of air and darkness,
 I think 'tis truth you say,
 And I shall die to-morrow;
 But you will die to-day.'

A. E. Housman.

167

The Spirit's Warfare

To find the Western path,
 Right through the Gates of Wrath
 I urge my way;
 Sweet Mercy leads me on
 With soft repentant moan:
 I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
 Melted by dewy tears,
 Exhales on high;
 The Sun is freed from fears,
 And with soft grateful tears
 Ascends the sky.

Blake.

limbeck]=alembic, the vessel used in distilling.

Song

So, we 'll go no more a-roving
 So late into the night,
 Tho' the heart be still as loving
 And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

Tho' the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we 'll go no more a-roving
 By the light of the moon.

*Byron.**Napoleon's Farewell*

FAREWELL to the Land where the gloom of my Glory
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
 lonely,
 The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has
 bound us,

Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice.

Byron, 1816.

170 *Song from 'As You Like It'*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Shakespeare.

171*

Il Penseroso

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 ' The brood of folly without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* train. 10
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight ;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue . . .
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure, 31
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of *Cypres* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn :
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commérceing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :

3. bestead] avail, support.

33. grain] dye.

33. *Cypres Lawn*] a transparent lawn or crape worn in mourning.

44. as fast] as firmly as before on heaven.

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about *Jove's* Altar sing :
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure :— 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustom'd Oak. 60
 Sweet Bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-Song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heavens' wide pathless way ; 70
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off *Curfew* sound
 Over some wide-water'd shore
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the Air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,

Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely Tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphere
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold 90
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those *Dæmons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops'* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine ; 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Muscæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold, 110

83. charm] chanting (as in 132)=song.

88. unsphere] draw down from heaven.

102. buskin'd] tragic, the high-soled buskin (boot) was worn in Greek tragedy.

Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
 And who had *Canacè* to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Horse of Brass
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride ;
 And if ought else great *Bards* beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung,
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
 With the Attic Boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely Cloud
 While rocking Winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling Leaves
 With minute drops from off the Eaves. 130
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
 Where the rude Axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the Bee with honey'd thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring,

122. civil-suited] soberly clad.

123. tricked] adorned.

123. frounced] with hair curled.

124. Attic Boy] Cephalus.

130. minute] as in 'minute-guns.'

134. brown] dusky.

With such consort as they keep
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.

150

And as I wake, sweet musick breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloister's pale,
 And love the high embow'd Roof,
 With antique Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.

160

There let the pealing Organ blow
 To the full-voiced Quire below
 In Service high and Anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.

170

These pleasures, *Melancholy*, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

Milton.

148. his wings] sleep's wings.

156. pale] enclosure.

158. proof] of great (tried) strength (adj.).

159. dight] adorned.

162. full voiced] pr. voic'd not voicèd.

172 *From the Second Hyperion*

I

. . . Turning from these with awe, once more I raised
 My eyes to fathom the space every way ;
 The embossed roof, the silent massy range
 Of columns north and south, ending in mist
 Of nothing, then to eastward, where black gates
 Were shut against the sunrise evermore.—
 Then to the west I look'd, and saw far off
 An image, huge of feature as a cloud,
 At level of whose feet an altar slept,
 To be approach'd on either side by steps
 And marble balustrade, and patient travail
 To count with toil the innumerable degrees.
 Towards the altar sober-paced I went,
 Repressing haste, as too unholy there ;
 And, coming nearer, saw beside the shrine
 One minist'ring ; and there arose a flame.—
 When in mid-way the sickening east wind
 Shifts sudden to the south, the small warm rain
 Melts out the frozen incense from all flowers,
 And fills the air with so much pleasant health
 That even the dying man forgets his shroud ;—
 Even so that lofty sacrificial fire,
 Sending forth Maian incense, spread around
 Forgetfulness of everything but bliss,
 And clouded all the altar with soft smoke. . . .

II

. . . ' High Prophetess,' said I, ' purge off,
 Benign, if so it please thee, my mind's film.'—
 ' None can usurp this height,' return'd that shade,
 ' But those to whom the miseries of the world

Maian]*.

Are misery, and will not let them rest.
 All else who find a haven in the world,
 Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
 If by a chance into this fane they come,
 Rot on the pavement where thou rostedst half.—
 ‘Are there not thousands in the world,’ said I,
 Encouraged by the sooth voice of the shade,
 ‘Who love their fellows even to the death,
 Who feel the giant agony of the world,
 And more, like slaves to poor humanity,
 Labour for mortal good? I sure should see
 Other men here; but I am here alone.’
 ‘Those whom thou spak’st of are no visionaries,’
 Rejoin’d that voice—‘They are no dreamers weak,
 They seek no wonder but the human face;
 No music but a happy-noted voice—
 They come not here, they have no thought to come—
 And thou art here, for thou art less than they—
 What benefit canst thou, or all thy tribe,
 To the great world? Thou art a dreaming thing,
 A fever of thyself; think of the Earth;
 What bliss even in hope is there for thee?
 What haven? every creature hath its home;
 Every sole man hath days of joy and pain,
 Whether his labours be sublime or low—
 The pain alone, the joy alone, distinct:
 Only the dreamer venoms all his days,
 Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve. . . .’

Keats.

sooth] gentle.

173 *La Belle Dame sans Merci*

O WHAT can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
 Alone, and palely loitering ?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest 's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew ;
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a Lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful, a faery's child ;--
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long ;
 For sidelong would she bend and sing
 A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew ;
 And sure in language strange she said—
 ' I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill-side.

I saw pale Kings, and Princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 Who cry'd—' La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall! '

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke, and found me here
 On the cold hill-side.

And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely witering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

Kents.

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourishèd?
 Reply, reply!
 It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell :
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
 Ding, dong, bell.

Shakespeare.

175*

L'Allegro

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings ;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crownèd *Bacchus* bore :
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blue
 And fresh-blown Roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,

10

20

24. buxom] well-favoured.

debonair] gracious.

Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ; 40
 To hear the Lark begin his flight
 And singing startle the dull night
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine ;
 While the Cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the Barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before ;
 Oft listening how the Hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Robed in flames and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight ;

48. Eglantine] sweet-briar, here for 'honeysuckle' (?).

62. dight] adorned.

While the Plowman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his scythe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Landskip round it measures ; 70
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with Daisies pied,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide :
 Towers and Battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oaks,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis*, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses ;
 And then in haste her Bower she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead. 90

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;

67. tells his tale] counts his flock.

80. cynosure] pole-star, centre of attraction.

94. rebeck] three-stringed fiddle.

And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine Holyday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat ;
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by Friar's Lanthorn led ;
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the Lubber Fiend, 110
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Matin rings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd Cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of Wit, or Arms ; while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry ;

102. eat] ate.

104. and he by Friar's] and he, who said he had been led astray by a will-o'-the-wisp, tells of Robin Goodfellow. *He* and *she* are chance speakers. 105. swet] old past tense. 120. weeds] garments.

Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonson's* learnèd Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear*, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating Cares
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Airs
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running ;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That *Orpheus'* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber, on a bed
 Of heap'd *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd *Eurydice*. 150

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton.

176* *What is Life ?*

. . . Stop and consider ! life is but a day ;
 A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
 From a tree's summit ; a poor Indian's sleep
 While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
 Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan ?
 Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown ;

132. sock] the low shoe of comedy, see 171, l. 102, note on buskin.

138. meeting] coming in response.

The reading of an ever-changing tale ;
 The light uplifting of a maiden's veil ;
 A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air ;
 A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
 Riding the springy branches of an elm. . . .
Keats.

177 *The Human Seasons*

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he
 loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto Heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furlleth close ; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook :
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.
Keats.

178 *The Seven Ages of Man*

. . . All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice ;
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakespeare.

179*

. . . Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;

pard] leopard.

his sound]*.

sans] without, pronounce as English.

The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleased with this bauble still as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. . . .

Pope.

180

A Lament

I

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—Oh, never more !

II

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight ;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more !

Shelley.

181

Time

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are years,

Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea ?

Shelley.

182

. . . I have learn'd
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize

In Nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being. . . .

*Wordsworth.**

183

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused, or disabused ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world ! . . .

*Pope.**

184

Nature

BECAUSE out of corruption burns the rose,
 And to corruption lovely cheeks descend ;
 Because with her right hand she heals the woes
 Her left hand wrought, loth nor to wound nor mend ;

; I praise indifferent Nature, affable
 To all philosophies, of each unknown ;
 Though in my listening ear she leans to tell
 Some private word, as if for me alone.

Still, like an artist, she her meaning hides,
 Silent, while thousand tongues proclaim it clear ;
 Ungrudging, her large feast for all provides ;
 Tender, exultant, savage, blithe, austere,
 In each man's hand she sets the proper tool,
 For the wise Wisdom, Folly for the fool.

Laurence Binyon.

185

Quiet Work

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson, which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one,
 Tho' the loud world proclaim their enmity—
 Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity !
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose—
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !
 Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
 Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting !
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

Arnold.

186

The House Beautiful

*A naked house, a naked moor,
 A shivering pool before the door,
 A garden bare of flowers and fruit
 And poplars at the garden foot :
 Such is the place that I live in,
 Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
 The incomparable pomp of eve,
 And the cold glories of the dawn
 Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
 And when the wind from place to place
 Doth the unmoor'd cloud-galleons chase,
 Your garden gloom and gleam again,
 With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
 Here shall the wizard moon ascend
 The heavens, in the crimson end
 Of day's declining splendour ; here
 The army of the stars appear.
 The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
 And oft the morning muser see
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,
 And every fairy-wheel and thread
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
 When daisies go, shall winter time
 Silver the simple grass with rime ;
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,
 How shall your children clap their hands !
 To make this earth, our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a changeful page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

Stevenson.

187

The Rainbow

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man :

So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.
Wordsworth,

188

*The Leech-gatherer**

I

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
 Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;
 The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters ;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

II

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth ;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist ; that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

III

I was a Traveller then upon the moor ;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar ;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
 The pleasant season did my heart employ :
 My old remembrances went from me wholly ;
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low ;
 To me that morning did it happen so ;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came ;
 Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
 name.

V

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky ;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare :
 Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;
 But there may come another day to me—
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VI

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood ;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;
 But how can He expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

VII

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
 The sleepless Soul that perish'd in his pride ;
 Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side :
 By our own spirits are we deified :
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
 But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

vi. He] cap. letter only denotes emphasis. vii. him] Robert Burns.

VIII

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a Man before me unawares :
 The oldest man he seem'd that ever wore grey hairs.

IX

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couch'd on the bald top of an eminence ;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and whence ;
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense :
 Like a sea-beast crawl'd forth, that on a shelf
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself ;

X

Such seem'd this Man, not all alive nor dead,
 Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :
 His body was bent double, feet and head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

XI

Himself he propp'd, limbs, body, and pale face,
 Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood :
 And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call ;
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirr'd with his staff, and fixedly did look
 Upon the muddy water, which he conn'd,
 As if he had been reading in a book :
 And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
 And drawing to his side, to him did say,
 ' This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

XIII

A gentle answer did the old man make,
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :
 And him with further words I thus bespake,
 ' What occupation do you there pursue ?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

XIV

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order follow'd each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest—
 Choice words and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men ; a stately speech,
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

XV

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor :
 Employment hazardous and wearisome !
 And he had many hardships to endure :
 From pond to pond he roam'd, from moor to moor ;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;
 And in this way he gain'd an honest maintenance.

XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my side ;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

XVII

My former thoughts return'd : the fear that kills ;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
 Perplex'd, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 ' How is it that you live, and what is it you do ? '

XVIII

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
 And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
 He travell'd ; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 ' Once I could meet with them on every side ;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

XIX

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old Man's shape and speech—all troubled me :
 In my mind's eye I seem'd to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renew'd.

XX

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully utter'd with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main ; and when he ended,
 I could have laugh'd myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
 ' God,' said I, ' be my help and stay secure :
 I 'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor !'
Wordsworth.

189* *To Toussaint L'Ouverture*

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience ! Yet die not ; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
Wordsworth.

190 *King's College Chapel, Cambridge*

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense

royal saint] King Henry VI.

And glorious Work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

Wordsworth.

191

Abou Ben Adhem

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 'What writest thou ?'—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answer'd, 'The names of those that love the Lord.'
 'And is mine one ?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'
 The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had blest,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

192

Christmas

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections, quite astray,
 I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
 To be all passengers' most sweet relief ?

O Thou, whose glorious yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger,
 Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
 To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
 A better lodging than a rack, or grave.

Herbert.

193

On His Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide,—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd ?
 I fondly ask : But patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies ; God doth not need
 " Either man's work or his own gifts : who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : His State
 rack] manger, any wooden frame for cattle to pull fodder from.

Is Kingly ; Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest :
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

194*

Paradise Lost

OF Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
 With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose out of *Chaos* : or if *Sion* Hill 10
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God ; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st ; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss
 And mad'st it pregnant : What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That to the highth of this great Argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

16. rhyme] verse.

24. argument] subject-matter

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Moved our Grand Parents in that happy State,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creator, and transgress his Will
 For one restraint, Lords of the World besides ?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?
 Th' infernal Serpent ; he it was, whose guile
 Stirr'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceived
 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 40
 If he opposed ; and with ambitious aim
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
 Raised impious War in Heav'n and Battle proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms.
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night 50
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery Gulf
 Confounded though immortal : But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate :
 At once as far as Angels ken he views
 The dismal Situation waste and wild, 60
 A Dungeon horrible on all sides round

41. he] that is Satan,

As one great Furnace flamed, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsumed :
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the Centre thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and named 80
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he ; But O how fall'n ! how changed
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
 Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright : If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
 In equal ruin : into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger proved
 He with his Thunder : and till then who knew
 The force of those dire Arms ? yet not for those,
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change
 (Though changed in outward lustre) that fix'd mind,

And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious Battle on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost ?
 All is not lost ; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield :
 And what is else not to be overcome ?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who from the terror of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall ; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,—
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal War,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair :
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Thronèd Powers,
 That led th' imbattled Seraphim to War
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King ;

117. empyreal] fiery ; epithet of the heavens.

130. conduct] leadership.

And put to proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate ;
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of War, whate'er his business be, 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep ?
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment ?
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.
 Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or Suffering : but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil ;

157. cherub] Babylonian word for their winged Bull, symbol of the sun-god.

Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see, the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n : The Sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n received us falling ; and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild, 180
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
 If not what resolution from despair. . . .

Milton.

195

Satan's Kingdom

. . . Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
 Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light ? Be it so, since He

176. his] its, the thunder's.

187. offend in ure or annoy.

Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right : farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells : Hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessor ; One who brings
 A mind not to be changed by Place or Time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than He
 Whom Thunder hath made greater ? Here at least
 We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and co-partners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell ?

Milton.

196

THE expense of Spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;

all but less] expression confusing 'only less than' and 'all but
 equal to.'
 oblivious] causing oblivion.

Enjoy'd no sooner but despisèd straight ;
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Shakespeare.

197

Mercy

From the Trial Scene in *The Merchant of Venice*.

PORTIA. Which is the merchant here, and which the
 Jew ?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA. Is your name Shylock ?

SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
 Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
 Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
 You stand within his danger, do you not ?

ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.

PORTIA. Do you confess the bond ?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :

but] than.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond. . . .

Shakespeare.

198

For Mercy, Courage, Kindness, Mirth,
 There is no measure upon earth.
 Nay, they wither, root and stem,
 If an end be set to them.

Overbrim and overflow,
 If your own heart you would know ;
 For the spirit, born to bless,
 Lives but in its own excess.

Laurence Binyon.

199

Ministering Angels

AND is there care in heaven ? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is :—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But O ! th' exceeding grace
 Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels he sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
 They for us fight ; they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward :
 O ! why should heavenly God to man have such regard ?

*Spenser.**

200

*Prologue of the Attendant
 Spirit in 'Comus'*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's Court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aëreal Spirits live insphered
 In Regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care
 Confined and pester'd in this pin-fold here,

insphered].*

Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 After this mortal change to her true Servants,
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
 That opes the Palace of Eternity :
 To such my errand is, and but for such
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould. . . .

Milton.

201 *Satan's First Meeting with Death*

. . . Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
 To yonder Gates ? through them I mean to pass,—
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee :
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious Arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons,
 Conjured against the highest, for which both Thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste Eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckonest thou thyself with Spirits of Heav'n,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy King and Lord ? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this Dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before. . . .

*Milton.**

202*

The Fallen Angels

. . . Others apart sat on a Hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophy :
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm 10
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurèd breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part, in Squadrons and gross Bands
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal World, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake their baleful streams ; 20
 Abhorrèd *Styx* the flood of deadly Hate,
 Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, named of Lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce *Phlegethon*
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with Rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rolls
 Her watery Labyrinth, whereof who drinks

Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain. 30
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk : the parching Air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled, 40
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought : and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
 Their soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this *Lethæan* Sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach 50
 The tempting stream, with ~~one~~ small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink ;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
 The Ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, th' advent'rous Bands
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast 60
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest : through many a dark and dreary Vale
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O'er many a Frozen, many a Fiery Alp,

Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,

A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire. . . . 70

Milton.

203 *Epilogue of 'Prometheus'*

ALL

Speak : thy strong words may never pass away.

DEMOGORGON

This is the day, which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest is dragg'd captive through the deep :
Love, from its awful theme of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length ;
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
 To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
 To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;
 This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
 Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Shelley.

204

New Year's Eve

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Titan] Prometheus.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson.

205

Antiphon

Cho. LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly :
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with psalms must shout,
 No door can keep them out :
 But above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Herbert.

Matins

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice ;
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart ?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is ~~the~~ heart,
 That thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
 Pouring upon it all thy art,
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
 He did not heaven and earth create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;
 That this new light, which now I see,
 May both the work and workman show :
 Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

Herbert.

207

O LIVING Will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works ; and trust.

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved ;
 Until we close with all we loved
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Tennyson,

208

The Song of Honour

I CLIMB'D a hill as light fell short,
 And rooks came home in scramble sort,
 And fill'd the trees and flapp'd and fought
 And sang themselves to sleep ;
 An owl from nowhere with no sound
 Swung by and soon was nowhere found,
 I heard him calling half-way round,
 Holloing loud and deep ;
 A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
 Then many a star, sail'd into sight,
 And all the stars, the flower of night,
 Were round me at a leap ;
 To tell how still the valleys lay
 I heard a watchdog miles away . . .
 And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell,
 The mastiff in a slumber fell,
 I stared into the sky,
 As wondering men have always done
 Since beauty and the stars were one,
 Though none so hard as I.

It seem'd, so still the valleys were,
 As if the whole world knelt at prayer,
 Save me and me alone ;
 So pure and wide that silence was
 I fear'd to bend a blade of grass,
 And there I stood like stone.

There, sharp and sudden, there I heard—

*Ah ! some wild lovesick singing bird
 Woke singing in the trees ?
 The nightingale and babble-wren
 Were in the English greenwood then,
 And you heard one of these ?*

The babble-wren and nightingale
 Sang in the Abyssinian vale
 That season of the year !
 Yet, true enough, I heard them plain,
 I heard them both again, again,
 As sharp and sweet and clear
 As if the Abyssinian tree
 Had thrust a bough across the sea,
 Had thrust a bough across to me
 With music for my ear !

I heard them both, and Oh ! I heard
 The song of every singing bird
 That sings beneath the sky,
 And with the song of lark and wren
 The song of mountains, moths and men
 And seas and rainbows vie !

I heard the universal choir,
 The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
 With universal song,
 Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,
 Her million times ten million throats
 Exalt Him loud and long,
 And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace
 From every part and every place
 Within the shining of His face,
 The universal throng.

I heard the hymn of being sound
 From every well of honour found
 In human sense and soul :
 The song of poets when they write
 The testament of Beautysprite
 Upon a flying scroll,
 The song of painters when they take
 A burning brush for Beauty's sake
 And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise
 Who look and see in starry skies
 Not stars so much as robins' eyes,
 And when these pale away
 Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
 Among the plums and apple trees
 Sing in the summer day—

The song of all both high and low
 To some blest vision true,
 The song of beggars when they throw
 The crust of pity all men owe
 To hungry sparrows in the snow,
 Old beggars hungry too—
 The song of kings of kingdoms when
 They rise above their fortune men,
 And crown themselves anew,—

The song of courage, heart and will
 And gladness in a fight,
 Of men who face a hopeless hill
 With sparking and delight,
 The bells and bells of song that ring
 Round banners of a cause or king
 From armies bleeding white—

The song of sailors every one
 When monstrous tide and tempest run
 At ships like bulls at red,
 When stately ships are twirl'd and spun
 Like whipping-tops and help there 's none
 And mighty ships ten thousand ton
 Go down like lumps of lead—

And song of fighters stern as they
 At odds with fortune night and day,
 Cramm'd up in cities grim and grey
 As thick as bees in hives,
 Hosannas of a lowly throng
 Who sing unconscious of their song,
 Whose lips are in their lives—

And song of some at holy war
 With spells and ghouls more dread by far
 Than deadly seas and cities are,
 Or hordes of quarrelling kings—
 The song of fighters great and small,
 The song of pretty fighters all
 And high heroic things—

The song of lovers—who knows how
 Twitch'd up from place and time
 Upon a sigh, a blush, a vow,
 A curve or hue of cheek or brow,
 Borne up and off from here and now
 Into the void sublime !

And crying loves and passions still,
 In every key from soft to shrill
 And numbers never done,
 Dog-loyalties to faith and friend,
 And loves like Ruth's of old no end,
 And intermission none—

And burst on burst for beauty and
 For numbers not behind,
 From men whose love of motherland
 Is like a dog's for one dear hand,
 Sole, selfless, boundless, blind—
 And song of some with hearts beside
 For men and sorrows far and wide,
 Who watch the world with pity and pride
 And warm to all mankind—

And endless joyous music rise
 From children at their play,
 And endless soaring lullabies
 From happy, happy mothers' eyes,
 And answering crows and baby cries,
 How many who shall say !
 And many a song as wondrous well
 With pangs and sweets intolerable
 From lonely hearths too gray to tell,
 God knows how utter gray !
 And song from many a house of care
 When pain has forced a footing there
 And there 's a Darkness on the stair
 Will not be turn'd away—

And song—that song whose singers come
 With old kind tales of pity from
 The Great Compassion's lips,

That make the bells of Heaven to peal
 Round pillows frosty with the feel
 Of Death's cold finger tips—

The song of men all sorts and kinds,
 As many tempers, moods and minds
 As leaves are on a tree,
 As many faiths and castes and creeds,
 As many human bloods and breeds
 As in the world may be ;

The song of each and all who gaze
 On Beauty in her naked blaze,
 Or see her dimly in a haze,
 Or get her light in fitful rays
 And tiniest needles even,
 The song of all not wholly dark,
 Not wholly sunk in stupor stark
 Too deep for groping Heaven—

And alleluias sweet and clear
 And wild with beauty men mis-hear,
 From choirs of song as near and dear
 To Paradise as they,
 The everlasting pipe and flute
 Of wind and sea and bird and brute,
 And lips deaf men imagine mute
 In wood and stone and clay,

The music of a lion strong
 That shakes a hill a whole night long,
 A hill as loud as he,
 The twitter of a mouse among
 Melodious greenery,
 The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
 The nightingale's—all three,

The song of life that wells and flows
 From every leopard, lark and rose
 And everything that gleams or goes
 Lack-lustre in the sea.

I heard it all, each, every note¹
 Of every lung and tongue and throat,
 Ay, every rhythm and rhyme
 Of everything that lives and loves
 And upward, ever upward moves
 From lowly to sublime !
 Earth's multitudinous Sons of Light,
 I heard them lift their lyric might
 With each and every chanting sprite
 That lit the sky that wondrous night
 As far as eye could climb !

I heard it all, I heard the whole
 Harmonious hymn of being roll
 Up through the chapel of my soul
 And at the altar die,
 And in the awful quiet then
 Myself I heard, Amen, Amen,
 Amen I heard me cry !
 I heard it all and then although
 I caught my flying senses, Oh,
 A dizzy man was I !
 I stood and stared ; the sky was lit,
 The sky was stars all over it,
 I stood, I knew not why,
 Without a wish, without a will,
 I stood upon that silent hill
 And stared into the sky until
 My eyes were blind with stars and still
 I stared into the sky.

Ralph Hodgson.

209*

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
 Whose nature is its own divine control,
 Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea ;
 Familiar acts are beautiful through love ;
 Labour, and pain, and grief, in life's green grove
 Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gentle they
 could be !

His will, with all mean passions, bad delights,
 And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,
 A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,
 Is as a tempest-wingèd ship, whose helm
 Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,
 Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength. Through the cold mass
 Of marble and of colour his dreams pass ;
 Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their
 children wear ;
 Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
 Which rules with Dædal harmony a throng
 Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shape-
 less were.

The lightning is his slave ; heaven's utmost deep
 Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
 They pass before his eye, are number'd, and roll on !
 The tempest is his steed, he strides the air ;
 And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,
 Heaven, hast thou secrets ? Man unveils me ; I have
 none.

Shelley.

210

. . . He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all. . . .

*Montrose.**

211 *Sacramentum Supremum*

YE that with me have fought and fail'd and fought
 To the last desperate trench of battle's crest,
 Not yet to sleep, not yet ; our work is nought ;
 On that last trench the fate of all may rest.
 Draw near, my friends ; and let your thoughts be high ;
 Great hearts are glad when it is time to give ;
 Life is no life to him that dares not die,
 And death no death to him that dares to live.

Draw near together ; none be last or first ;
 We are no longer names, but one desire ;
 With the same burning of the soul we thirst,
 And the same wine to-night shall quench our fire.
 Drink ! to our fathers who begot us men,
 To the dead voices that are never dumb ;
 Then to the land of all our loves, and then
 To the long parting, and the age to come.

Henry Newbolt.

212*

Now, God be thank'd Who has match'd us with His hour,
 And caught our youth, and waken'd us from sleeping,
 With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpen'd power,
 To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,

Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
 Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
 And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
 And all the little emptiness of love !

Oh ! we who have known shame, we have found release
 there,
 Where there 's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
 Nought broken save this body, lost but breath ;
 Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
 But only agony, and that has ending ;
 And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Brooke.

213

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,
 Worthless as wither'd weeds
 Or idle froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
 So surely anchor'd on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou wert left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void :
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.
Emily Brontë.

214

Content

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
 O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
 O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O punishment !

Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny.

Dekker.

215 *The Soul's Pilgrimage*

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

 Blood must be my body's balmer ;
 No other balm will there be given ;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven ;
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains :
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before ;
 But, after, it will thirst no more.

Raleigh.

216* *The Character of a Happy Life*

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

scallop-shell] see No. 15.
 balmer] embalmer.

scrip] almsbag.
 palmer] pilgrim.

gage] pledge.

Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world with care
 Of prince's love or vulgar breath. . . .

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great :

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend :

This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, he hath all.

Wotton.

217*

Constancy

Who is the honest man ?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true :
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due :

Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind :
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind :

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh :

All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay :

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit :
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece are, all are clear and straight :

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations : when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run ;
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their Virtue ; Virtue is his Sun :

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play :

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill :—

This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

Herbert.

218 *Character of the Happy Warrior*

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be ?

—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright :
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, render'd more compassionate ;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows :
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire :
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be call'd upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray :
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass'd :

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :

This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

Wordsworth, 1805.

219

Maxims

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
 Salute thyself ; see what thy soul doth wear.
 Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own ;
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous ; therefore give
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
 Then live, and use it : else it is not true
 That thou hast gotten. Surely Use alone
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
 Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
 To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil ;
 Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
 Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick
 Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
 About thy neck do drown thee ? Raise thy head ;
 Take stars for money ; stars not to be told
 By any art, yet to be purchasèd.

None is so wasteful as the scraping dame :
 She loseth three for one ; her soul, rest, fame.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least ;
 For wit is news only to ignorance.

Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance :
 Make not thy sport abuses ; for the fly
 That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
 Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
 These are the scum with which coarse wits abound ;
 The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
 All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain
 But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Envy not greatness ; for thou mak'st thereby
 Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater :
 Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy,
 As hurts not others but may make thee better,
 Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite ;
 Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

Be calm in arguing ; for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

Why should I feel another man's mistakes
 More than his sicknesses or poverty ?

In love I should : but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

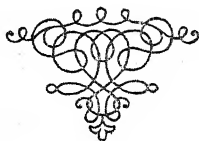
Be useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
 Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
 To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
 Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
 And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
 Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Herbert.



NOTES

The numeration, in thicker type, refers to the poems
and not to pages.

121. From a sonnet in the *Arcadia*, omitting 5 lines.
122. The famous last stanza of Lovelace's lyric, *When Love with unconfined wings*. The other three are unworthy of it.
129. *Serene lights*. This 'recession of accent,' where two strong speech-accented syllables collide, was an old habit of speech, now lost. It is frequent in Shakespeare; Milton renounced it in his later work; Shelley rather affected it, and his practice decides the accent here.
130. 1. 15. *Sisters*, the Muses who frequented the fount on Mt. Parnassus.—23. *hill*, in pastoral imagery, the University of Cambridge.—36. *Dametas*, a shepherd, here for some Cambridge poet.—54. *Mona high*, Anglesey, then wooded; it has, however, no 'heights.' Holyhead is perhaps intended.—55. *Deva*, the Dee, a river with magical legends. These places are near the scene of the wreck.—58. *Orpheus*, in the Greek legend torn to pieces by Thracian women.—75. *blind Fury*, Atropos, one of the three Fates.—77. *Ears*. The ear regarded as the seat of memory (Conington).—85. *Arethuse*, a stream in Sicily, the land of Theocritus; *Mincius*, by Virgil's birthplace: those being the two pastoral poets in whose manner this poem is written.—96. *Hippotades*, Æolus, the god of the winds.—99. *Panopë*, one of the fifty Nereids, perhaps here representing by her name the calm sea and wide horizon (Palgrave).—103. *Camus*, the river-god of Cambridge.—106. *inscribed with woe*, a Greek fancy that the petals were marked with A.I. Apollo had accidentally killed the youth Hyacinthos with a quoit, and the plant sprang up from his blood.—109. *Pilot*, of the church, St. Peter. Milton here condemns the corrupt clergy.—132. *Alpheus*, the river-lover of Arethusa. In the strange legend their waters mixed, and are here identified: the *return* is to the subject of the monody.—160. *Bellerus*, Milton's invention of a 'name-father' for Land's End, which was called Bellerium.—161. *Vision*. Original text has no capital initial; but the vision is the Archangel Michael, who appeared on St. Michael's Mount.—162. *Namancos and Bayona*, places in Spain due south of Land's End.
135. Coleridge's *Christabel* is an unfinished poem.
137. *Childe Harold*, iv. stanzas 140-1.
140. *demesne*. The Anglo-French spelling of the law-books; the prevailing pronunciation of the final syllable is as in the rhyme here; but is in good legal and general use pronounced as in its variant form *domain*; and this is historically preferable (*O. E. D.*). Note also the homophone *demean* in common use.
143. *Proteus*, the prophetic 'old man of the Sea,' a personage rich in delightful legends.—*Triton*, a son of Poseidon and

Amphitrite, who lived in a garden under the sea: usually represented with a dolphin's tail. Tritons are often imagined as numerous as Mermaids.

145. An unfinished poem of which the first two stanzas are given.

147. *Tempe*, a beautiful mountain gorge in Thessaly connected with the worship of Apollo.

148. Last stanza of three.

151. On occasion, when the length of this poem is inconvenient, the bracketed stanzas can be omitted.

154. Last stanza omitted. In st. 1, *winds, birds*, and *floods* are all genitives, and *birds* is plural. *Accidence* ambiguous.

155. Note *Day* is fem. in stanza 2, masc. in 3.

156. *Hippocrene*. A fountain on Mt. Helicon sacred to the Muses, fabled to have sprung up from a stroke of Pegasus' hoof, ἵππου κρήνη. The English word is always a trisyllable.

159. *fast* is used for 'swiftly' in stanza 4, and five lines above for 'firm.' In first stanza *tir'd* is a disyllable = *tierd*.

171. Fourteen lines of fanciful mythology are omitted as indicated in numeration. 1. 10. *Morpheus*, the god of dreams. —59. *Cynthia*, the moon. —88. *Hermes*, a mythical king of Egypt named Thot, to whom the Neo-Platonists ascribed the name and universal wisdom of the Greek god Hermes. He is *thrice-great* as King, Priest, and Philosopher (Browne). —89. The spirits of the dead are imagined as inhabiting the starry 'spheres': see note on 40. —104. *Musæus*, i.e. to recall the lost poems of Musæus, and the song by which Orpheus rescued Eurydice from Hell, and the tale that Chaucer left unfinished. —134. *Sylvan*, the forest-god.

172. *Maian*. The Greek Maia was mother of Hermes. The Latin goddess of that name became associated with the month of May, when also Hermes' (Mercury's) feast was kept. Hence perhaps the rare epithet 'Maian' here may mean 'scented like spring flowers.' Compare 'the incense of all flowers' just above.

175. 1. 10. *Cimmerian*. The Cimmerians lived at the end of the world where the sun never shone. —29. *Hebe*, cup-bearer of the Gods. —125. *Hymen*, god of marriage, commonly represented in English masques as here described (Browne). —136. *Lydian airs*, the ecclesiastical Mode which in the seventeenth century was equivalent to our scale of F major. —150. *Eurydice*. The story half told in 171, l. 104.

176. From *Sleep and Poetry*. A good example of Keats's objective style. 'These images are of life considered first as a mere atomic movement in a general flux, then as a dream on the brink of destruction, then as a budding hope, then as an intellectual distraction, then as an ecstatic glimpse of beauty, and lastly as an instinctive pleasure.' —*Montmorenci*, the river in Canada.

178. From *As you like it*, II. 7. *his sound*, i.e. its sound, referring to *voice*. Its, the genitive of it, is not found before Elizabethan writers; 'his' was the old genitive, and is much more frequent than 'its' in Shakespeare.

179. From the *Essay on Man*, end of Ep. II.—1. 2. *will change*, we should say *would change*.—1. 16. *tickled with a straw*: as this is not peculiar to babes, the expression must be metaphorical, and its apparent force immediately disappears. —Four lines below, in *beads and prayer-books*, the cynicism is overdone.

182. From *Tintern Abbey*.

183. *Essay on Man*, beginning of Ep. II.

188. Title of this poem is *Resolution and Independence*.

189. François Dominique Toussaint, surnamed L'Ouverture, was governor of St. Domingo, and chief of the African slaves enfranchised by the decree of the French Convention (1794). He resisted Napoleon's edict re-establishing slavery in St. Domingo, was arrested and sent to Paris in June 1802, and there died after ten months' imprisonment in April 1803 (Hutchinson).

194. 1. 11. *Siloa's brook*, Pool of Siloam.—12. *fast by*, hard by, near by, not 'swift.'—15. *Aonian Mount*, Helicon, the abode of Apollo and the Muses.—92. *highth*, always thus, pronounced as spelt, in Milton.—109. 'This question is parenthetical; it means, the true glory is to be unconquered in spirit, though the field be lost' (Beeching).

199. From *The Faery Queen*, opening of 8th canto of Bk. II.

200. 1. 3. *insphered*. See note to 171, l. 89.

201. *P.L.* Bk. II. 681.

202. *P.L.* Bk. II. 557. 1. 55. *Medusa*, one of the three Gorgons, whose head, with snakes for hair, turned him who looked on it into stone.

209. The last four stanzas of nine in one of the lyrical monodies spoken by Earth in the last Act of *Prometheus*.

210. The second half of the second stanza of four.

212. Inspired by the call of the Great War.

216. Text of this poem is based on what would seem the best authority among many variants, some of which are probably the author's own corrections. One stanza is omitted on account of its perplexed grammar:

'Who envieth none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.'

217. In the last line of stanza 4 I have substituted *are for* and in the common text: *All of a piece, and all are clear and straight*; and in last stanza *Marksmen* for *Markman*.—In l. 13, *the thing and the example* means 'the principle and its spiritual application' (Palmer).

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- ARNOLD, MATTHEW. 1822—1888. No. 185.
 BINYON, LAURENCE. 1869— . Nos. 115, 184, 198.
 BLAKE, WILLIAM. 1757—1827. Nos. 127, 167.
 BOURDILLON, FRANCIS WILLIAM. 1852—1921. No. 128.
 BRONTË, EMILY JANE. 1818—1848. No. 213.
 BROOKE, RUPERT. 1887—1915. No. 212.
 BYRON, GEORGE GORDON. 1788—1824. Nos. 113, 123, 125, 137, 168, 169.
 CLARE, JOHN. 1793—1864. No. 152.
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR. 1772—1834. No. 135.
 DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY. 1870— . No. 163.
 DEKKER, THOMAS. 1570 (?)—1641 (?). No. 214.
 DE LA MARE, WALTER. 1873— . No. 148.
 DIXON, RICHARD WATSON. 1883—1900. No. 153.
 FLECKER, JAMES ELROY. 1884—1915. No. 142.
 GRAY, THOMAS. 1716—1771. No. 151.
 HERBERT, GEORGE. 1593—1633. Nos. 192, 205, 206, 217, 219.
 HODGSON, RALPH. 1871— . No. 208.
 HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD. 1859— . Nos. 131, 138, 157, 166.
 HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH. 1784—1859. No. 191.
 KEATS, JOHN. 1795—1821. Nos. 116, 140, 147, 156, 172, 173, 176, 177.
 LANG, ANDREW. 1844—1912. No. 120.
 LOVELACE, RICHARD. 1618—1658. Nos. 122, 164.
 MASEFIELD, JOHN. 1875— . No. 141.
 MILTON, JOHN. 1608—1674. Nos. 130, 132, 171, 175, 193, 194, 195, 200, 201, 202.
 MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF. 1612—1650. No. 210.
 MOORE, THOMAS. 1779—1852. No. 150.
 NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY JOHN. 1862— . Nos. 165, 211.
 POE, EDGAR ALLAN. 1809—1849. No. 112.
 POPE, ALEXANDER. 1688—1744. Nos. 179, 183.
 RALEIGH, SIR WALTER. 1552 (?)—1618. No. 215.
 SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. 1564—1616. Nos. 118, 133, 134, 136, 170, 174, 178, 196, 197.
 SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE. 1792—1822. Nos. 126, 129, 144, 145, 146, 154, 155, 158, 180, 181, 203, 209.
 SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP. 1554—1586. No. 121.
 SPENSER, EDMUND. 1552 (?)—1599. No. 199.
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. 1850—1894. No. 186.
 TENNYSON, ALFRED. 1809—1892. Nos. 139, 149, 159, 160, 162, 204, 207.
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. 1770—1850. Nos. 114, 117, 124, 143, 182, 187, 188, 189, 190, 218.
 WOTTON, SIR HENRY. 1568—1639. No. 216.
 YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER. 1865— . No. 161.
 ANONYMOUS. No. 119.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A naked house, a naked moor	209
About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)	217
Alas ! they had been friends in youth	146
All after pleasures as I rid one day	218
All the world's a stage	204
And is there care in heaven ? And is there love ?	228
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?	246
Away ! The moor is dark beneath the moon	137
Because out of corruption burns the rose	208
Before the starry threshold of <i>Jove's Court</i>	228
Behold her, single in the field	123
Beyond the ferry water	129
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	139
Break, break, break	164
By all means use sometimes to be alone	252
Come, when no graver cares employ	183
Fain would I change that note	131
Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory	188
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea	132
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see	153
For Mercy, Courage, Kindness, Mirth	227
Four Seasons fill the measure of the year	204
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet	247
He either fears his fate too much	244
He leapt to arms unbidden	186
Helen, thy beauty is to me	127
Hence, loathed Melancholy	199
Hence, vain deluding joys	190
Her strong enchantments failing	187
How happy is he born and taught	247
I am ! yet what I am who cares, or knows ?	170
I cannot open mine eyes	235
I climb'd a hill as light fell short	236
I have learn'd	207
I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep	155
I know not what my secret is	132
I pant for the music which is divine	158
I see before me the Gladiator lie	151
I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree	183
Into my heart an air that kills	177
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime	224
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free	130
It was a lover and his lass	131
It was the Rainbow gave thee birth	185
Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there	130
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan	208
Let all the world in every corner sing	234
Look thy last on all things lovely	164
Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul	243
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold	154
Music, when soft voices die	177
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains	174
My heart leaps up when I behold	210

	PAGE
My silks and fine array	136
My true love hath my heart, and I have his	132
No coward soul is mine	245
Now, God be thank'd Who has match'd us with His hour	244
O Living Will that shalt endure	236
O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom	134
O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms	197
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being	159
O world! O life! O time!	206
Of Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit	219
Oft in the stilly night	165
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story	133
On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble	152
One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee	209
Others apart sat on a Hill retired	230
Quinquereme of Nineveh from distant Ophir	154
Rarely, rarely, comest thou	156
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky	233
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	134
So, we'll go no more a-roving	188
Speak: thy strong words may never pass away	232
Stone walls do not a prison make	133
Stop and consider! life is but a day	203
Swiftly walk o'er the western wave	173
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense	216
Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind	186
Tell me where is Fancy bred	198
That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this	147
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	166
The expense of Spirit in a waste of shame	225
The night has a thousand eyes	137
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	171
The world is too much with us; late and soon	156
There be none of Beauty's daughters	127
There is sweet music here that softer falls	178
There was a roaring in the wind all night	211
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness	162
To find the Western path	187
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men	216
Turning from these with awe, once more I raised	195
Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years	207
What'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf	205
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape	229
When I consider how my light is spent	218
When I would muse in boyhood	144
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes	146
When the lamp is shatter'd	135
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	145
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?	226
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he?	240
Who is the honest man?	248
Why fadest thou in death?	171
With thee conversing I forget all time	145
Ye that with me have fought and fail'd and fought	244
Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more	138

182

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